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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Thirty-Eighth and Thirty-Ninth Annual Reunions

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 22, 1910, and June 21, 1911

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Alvah I. Davis, Oct. 11, 1852, to April 6, 1854
and Diary of Jesse Harritt, 1845

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fifth and of the Twenty-Sixth
Grand Encampments of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1914

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

38th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 22, 1910

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Alvah I. Davis, Oct. 11, 1852—April 6, 1854

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Fifth
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1914

SATURDAY, APR. 1—Cold and rainy; paid making shirt, and thread, 63c; paid washing 62c.

SUNDAY, APR. 2—Warm and showery; been to church A. M. and evening.

MONDAY, APR. 3—Rainy.

TUESDAY, APR. 4—Heavy rain; river quite high.

WEDNESDAY, APR. 5—Received for stamps 18c; pleasant, one shower.

THURSDAY, APR. 6—Cold, cloudy and sunshine; bought one-half quire paper 25c.

TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

39th Annual Reunion

OF THE

Oregon Pioneer Association

Portland, June 21, 1911

CONTAINING THE

Diary of Jesse Harritt, 1845

—— AND ——

Proceedings of the Twenty-Sixth
Grand Encampment of Indian War Veterans
of the North Pacific Coast

—— AND ——

Other Matters of Historic Interest

PORTLAND, OREGON
CHAUSSE-PRUDHOMME CO., PRINTERS
1914

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Portland, March 25, 1911.

The Board of Directors of the Oregon Pioneer Association met in the office of Col. Robert A. Miller, Vice President, Worcester building, at 4 p. m., to arrange for the Annual Reunion of 1911—the thirty-ninth.

Present: P. H. D'Arcy, President, 1857, Salem; Robert A. Miller, Vice President, 1854, Portland; George H. Himes, 1853, Secretary, Portland; Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany, and Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Directors.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and approved.

An order of business was submitted and, upon motion of Mr. Himes, was adopted, as follows:

1. Selection of place of meeting.

2. Selection of speaker for annual address.

3. Selection of Grand Chaplain.

4. Selection of Grand Marshal.

5. Appointment of Committees: (a) Committee of Arrangements; (b) Finance Committee; (c) Committee on Building and Music; (d) Committee on Invitations; (e) Committee on Transportation; (f) Reception Committee; (g) selection of Chairman on Woman's Auxiliary Committee.

After discussion upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Bird, Wednesday, June 21, 1911, was fixed as the date of the Reunion.

There being no other invitation, upon the motion of

Mr. Walker, seconded by Mr. Miller, Portland was selected as the place of meeting.

In the matter of securing a speaker, Mr. Himes stated that he had been in correspondence with Hon. Milton A. Miller, of Lebanon, Linn County, a son of pioneer parents, who had consented to prepare an address if desired, therefore, upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Walker, Mr. Miller was chosen as the orator of the day.

Upon the suggestion of President D'Arcy, Rev. P. S. Knight, 1853, Salem, was selected as the Grand Chaplain.

Upon motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Miller, Mr. Bird was appointed Marshal, with power to choose his own aides.

On motion of Mr. Himes, seconded by Mr. Walker, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, 1845, was selected Chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, with power to select her own assistants.

On motion of Mr. Miller, it was voted that Messrs. Himes and Lee should be the Committee on Finance.

On motion it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements should be composed of Vice President Miller, Mr. Himes and Mr. Bird.

It was voted that the Reception Committee should be made up of the full Board of Directors, the Marshal and such aides as he might select.

Secretary Himes was appointed the Committee on Transportation, also the Committee on Invitations.

The matter of securing a place of meeting and suitable music and all other matters, were referred to the Committee of Arrangements.

The Secretary was authorized to have one thousand copies of the Annual Transactions of 1911 printed, and also such envelopes, letterheads, badges, programmes, announcements, etc., as in his judgment might be necessary.

No further business appearing, the Board adjourned.

GEORGE H. HIMES, Secretary.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REUNION.

Portland, June 22, 1911.

Fully fourteen hundred pioneers assembled at the new Masonic Temple at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon and were welcomed by Grand Marshal Minto, 1848, and his aides, ex-Governor Geer, 1851, M. C. George, 1849, George A. Harding, 1855, H. W. Prettyman, 1847, E. J. Jeffery, 1852, James F. Failing, 1853, Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Colonel Robert A. Miller, 1854, Judge William Galloway, 1852, Penumbra Kelly, 1848, J. E. Magers, J. C. Moreland, 1852, Joseph D. Lee, 1848, and Dr. Raffety, 1852.

The session was called to order by President D'Arcy, 1851, the invocation being offered by Rev. P. S. Knight, 1853, of Salem. Several musical numbers were on the programme, DeCaprio's band playing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home" and "Swanee River." Several vocal selections were given by Professor Parvin's choir.

Mayor Simon extended greetings to the pioneers and President D'Arcy responded, extolling the growth of Portland since the old days.

Before the chief address of the day by M. A. Miller, of Lebanon, Dr. Hoyt, 1850, President of Willamette University until 1861, was introduced from the platform, as were Captain Thomas Mountain, 1841, and F. X. Matthieu, 1842, who spoke a few words. Dr. Hoyt offered a brief prayer for those pioneers who had passed away in the year.

At the close of the session seventy-five automobiles in charge of W. J. Clemens, President of the Portland Auto-

mobile Club, were waiting to carry the pioneers to the Armory, where the Woman's Auxiliary had prepared a banquet of 1280 plates. A large number of the pioneers did not attend the banquet, but took a spin through the residence district of Portland in automobiles furnished by the following:

C. F. Wright, John S. Beall, H. M. Covey, W. H. Chatten, Keats Auto Co., J. L. Hartman, W. J. Clemens, F. C. Riggs, E. M. F. Co., F. B. Riley, Schacht Motor Car Co., W. H. Moser, F. I. Fuller, C. S. Jackson, Ivan Humason, Mayor Joseph Simon, Whitney L. Boise, O. K. Jeffery, Carter-Car Co., Speedwell Motor Car Co., H. S. Silverfield, Crowe Automobile Co., Auburn Motor Car Co., E. Henry Wemme, J. W. Leavitt & Co.

1911.

Yah-wa tillikums wake kla-howya
Wake sick tumtum, halo till;
Halo memoluse, wake mesachie;
Wake polaklie, halo cole.

So sang the pioneers last evening at their campfire in the Masonic Temple, the words translated meaning "There the people are not poor, have no sorrow, are not tired; they do not die, are not wicked, there is no darkness, no cold."

And if there are any people under the sun who deserve such a final home, it surely is the Oregon pioneers, fourteen hundred of whom were visible on the streets of Portland yesterday and last evening.

Early in the morning, even before the janitor at the City Hall had finished their duties, that edifice was besieged

by hundreds and hundreds who came late for their badges, and before noon one could scarcely get in or out of the building, while the rooms of the Association were thronged with a surging mass of men and women.

"I have not seen you for 40 years," was often heard as one of the old-timers met a comrade. Or perhaps it was 50 or even 60 years. And then the old reminiscences would be taken up, the old days be lived over, the old scenes recounted. "Why, I have not seen you since 1849, when you stood beside the open grave of my dead husband," said one sprightly, rosy-cheeked, quick-stepping lady—and yet she was one of those who crossed the plains in 1846, and must be at least 80 years of age. Old? In years, yes—in heart and spirit quite, quite young. And may she live to see many more reunions, to meet many more old comrades, to pass a peaceful old age.

"Do you remember when my little baby was sick on the trip and you helped us so? For two days you carried the little thing in your arms; here she is now to thank you for yourself."

And up stepped a lady of perhaps 60 to give thanks to her preserver.

At the meeting in the afternoon at the Masonic Temple the proceedings were of great interest to the old people, but the few others who gained admittance were certainly as much edified, entertained and inspired as the members. It was indeed a rare occasion, one never to be forgotten by any of the non-members, while the pioneers themselves showed by their every action that the day was a memorable one for them.

One member, Rev. F. S. Hoyt, D. D., who crossed the plains in 1850, but a few years later removed to the East, came all the way from New York to be present. He offered a prayer in the midst of the exercises, after the death roll had been read—as though over their open graves.

And think of that roll! Among the names were many who stood high in the councils of the state and Nation, such as George H. Williams, 1853, Supreme Judge of Oregon Territory from 1853 to 1859, U. S. Senator, March 4, 1865, to March 3, 1871, a member of the joint high commission that adjusted the "Alabama claims" December 15, 1871—September 14, 1872, attorney general of the United States under President Grant, 1872-1875, mayor of Portland, 1903-4; La Fayette Grover, representative in congress, 1859, governor of Oregon, 1870-1877, United States Senator, March 4, 1879, to March 3, 1885; George W. McBride, Secretary of State, 1885-1887, United States Senator, March 4, 1895, to March 3, 1901; Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian from May 15, 1865, to August, 1910, except four years—1872-1876. Is it any wonder the eyes of the listeners were dimmed with tears as these names and the names of many other deceased friends and comrades were read?

The oldest member present, who is said to be the oldest man in the state, was James Blakely, who came in 1846. He was born in 1812 and is therefore 99 years of age. And yet he is quite a hearty youngster. His step is sprightly, his eyes bright, his cheeks as rosy as those of some of the bonnie granddaughters present. He may attend many more reunions before his name is on that long, long roll.

And there was Thomas Mountain, 1841, 89 years old, and that grand old citizen, F. X. Matthieu, 1842, 93, and John Minto, 1844, 89. All in good health, all happy and smiling—God grant, is the prayer of every Oregonian, that they may live to greet their comrades many times yet.

Up from Curry County, from his cattle ranch, and his five daughters and seven sons, came J. A. Haines; from his Eugene home came W. W. Haines, leaving his five sons and two daughters. These young chaps crossed the plains in 1851, and they are the liveliest pair of twin boys in Oregon, even if they are 85 years old. They look to be about 40, act like a couple of kids in knickerbockers, and ought to have been spanked for staying out too late Tuesday evening.

C. T. Locey, 1847, who was a student in Pacific University from the same class as Harvey W. Scott, has a ranch out in Malheur County, near Ironside Mountain. He told interesting anecdotes of his deceased college chum. Uncle John Minto told about the first rose bush ever planted in Oregon, at the mission near Chemawa; how he later bought the land on which it stood, then divided the roots and cuttings and sent them to various parts of the Northwest, thus making our rose shows possible. He told of the first fair held, the scene being on the banks of the Willamette, near Oregon City, at which he exhibited a lot of fine sheep and took prizes amounting to $100 in gold.

Uncle John was so bubbling over with joy that he broke into the proceedings a trifle, to the delight of all, and made a speech not down on the programme. Over and over he repeated "I may never see you again." And that was a remark often heard, a parting sentence often listened to—

"I may never see you again." The pity of it! And yet when the death list is read next year many of those who were so sprightly yesterday will be sleeping the long sleep.

The orator of the day was State Senator Milton A. Miller, of Lebanon, and he made a speech which his listeners will long remember. The Senator is a fine talker, a real orator, but he quite outdid himself yesterday, and at times he had many of his auditors in tears. Not bitter tears or sorrowful, but tears of joy. And his compliments to the ladies, the wives and mothers and daughters who crossed the plains to make this commonwealth a reality, were received with vociferous cheers. So much so that even Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway came forward at the close of the speech and moved that the audience extend a vote of thanks to the Senator.

After the ceremonies at the hall came the dinner, or rather the banquet, at the Armory, and such a crush has seldom been seen at that place. There were 20 tables and each table seated 62, or 1240 in all. Every seat was taken, some of them for the second and third time, so there were some 1800 or 2000 who partook of the good things provided. But there was enough and to spare, for Mrs. Cartwright, president of the Women's Auxiliary, and Mrs. Killin, in charge of the tables, and the forty ladies in charge of the tables, each with two assistants, all representing pioneer families, who waited upon the guests, knew from experience that there would be great appetites to be appeased.

And perhaps this banquet was the most enjoyable affair of all. It was rather noisy. The guests were like a lot of school children out on a picnic. They all talked at once. They laughed and joked—and cried. They told

stories, recounted the old days, went over the old scenes—were the same young people who journeyed across the plains over half a century ago. Bless their dear hearts, they will never grow old. Their hair may become more frosty, their eyes may become dim, their cheeks may even lose their roses and their steps their electricity—but they will never grow old!

And now the thirty-ninth annual reunion is a thing of the past; today the dear old people will depart for their homes. How thankful the people of Oregon should be that they nearly all go to homes of plenty, homes of comfort. If there are any citizens of the Northwest who are entitled to have their every want gratified, to have their every wish granted, they are the members of the Pioneer Association. And that includes the Indian War Veterans, for to be a veteran one must be a pioneer.

They were the conquerors of Oregon. They gave to their country a possession of untold value. They did not, as Senator Miller well said, seek the West with their ambitions fired to obtain gold—they came to make homes for themselves and families. No higher ambition than that ever filled the minds or actuated the hearts of any wanderers. They came to a wilderness, among savages—came through hardships and peril and want.

And what does Oregon owe to them? What does the Nation owe to them? What does this city owe to them? Everything that they could ask. Their annual meetings here ought to overshadow every other event of the year. They ought to be treated as royalty is treated in monarchies, as rulers and princes are treated.

And the people of the state ought to rise up as one man and see that the veterans, the fighting members of the pioneers, get decent treatment from the Government. No half-way persuasion will do. It ought to be borne in upon our Senators and members of Congress that the cause of the veterans is not only just, but the refusal to recognize it is a crime. Concerted action will accomplish this—nothing less will.

Next year when the dear old ladies and gentlemen meet here, there will be a larger death roll than there was yesterday. It will rapidly increase with each year. Soon the entire membership will be swept away.

How important it is, then, that with each succeeding year these reunions are made greater and greater events. The Mayor extended to them yesterday, and to the veterans the day before, the freedom of the city. That is but a phrase, and that is not enough—they should be the guests of the city in reality. They should not be expected to provide for themselves while here. The people of Portland can only partially repay the debt owed to them by the most liberal treatment, and that tardy liberality should no longer be delayed.

The banquet was prepared and served by the Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary, as follows:

Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, president; Mrs. John W. Minto, first vice-president; Miss Kate Holman, second vice-president; Miss Anna M. Cremen, secretary; Miss Nannie E. Taylor, treasurer.

Executive board, Mrs. Benton Killin, and Mrs. D. P. Thompson.

Reception committee, Mrs. Charlotte M. Cartwright, Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Mrs. Matthew P. Deady, Mrs. William Grooms, Mrs. Robert Porter, Mrs. A. H. Morgan, Mrs. T. T. Struble, Mrs. M. A. Dalton, Mrs. Catharine A. Coburn, Mrs. Margaret O. M. Moore, Mrs. L. M. Parrish.

Table No. 1—Mrs. George W. Weidler, Mrs. John McCraken; assistants, Miss Charlotte Sherlock, Miss Weidler, Mrs. Hattie Pratt, Miss Ruth Scott Laidlaw.

Table No. 2—Mrs. W. E. Robertson, Mrs. Frank M. Warren; assistants, Miss Nan Robertson, Miss Mary Robertson, Miss E. Frances Warren, Mrs. Thomas Robertson.

Table No. 3—Mrs. William D. Fenton, Mrs. Alexander Muir; assistants, Mrs. Horace B. Fenton, Miss Hannah Connell, Mrs. Willard Jones, Mrs. Albert L. Lucas.

Table No. 4—Mrs. George H. Lamberson, Mrs. P. W. Gillette; assistants, Mrs. Blaine R. Smith, Miss Lamberson, Miss Marie Meussdorffer, Preston Gillette.

Table No. 5—Mrs. P. L. Willis, Mrs. M. A. M. Ashley; assistants, Mrs. Edwin Caswell, Mrs. Thomas B. Foster, Miss C. E. S. Hughes, Mrs. G. W. Hughes.

Table No. 6—Mrs. James W. Cook, Mrs. Russell E. Sewall; assistants, Miss Jessie Farrell, Miss Clarissa Wiley. Mrs. Clyde Reed, Mrs. William Streeter.

Table No. 7—Mrs. Lewis L. McArthur, Mrs. George Taylor; assistants, Miss Pauline Nesmith, Mrs. Mary Catlin, Miss Mary Adair, Mrs. Roger B. Sinnott.

Table No. 8—Mrs. L. Allen Lewis, Mrs. J. Wesley Ladd; assistants, Miss C. Flanders, Miss Sallie Lewis, Mrs. William Warrens, Mrs. Charles Chenery.

Table No. 9—Mrs. W. R. Sewall, Mrs. Fannie T. Kamm; assistants, Miss Nita Burns, Miss Frances Wilson, Miss Madeline Walker, Miss Evelyn Calbreath.

Table No. 10—Mrs. H. H. Northup, Mrs. Tyler Woodward; assistants, Miss Laura Northup, Miss A. McCully, Mrs. J. Noon, Mrs. Alliston.

Table No. 11—Miss Failing, Mrs. James F. Failing; assistants, Mrs. H. C. Cabell, Mrs. William L. Brewster, Mrs. William Jones, Mrs. H. C. Failing.

Table No. 12—Mrs. A. J. Meier, Mrs. P. J. Mann; assistants, Mrs. A. Meier, Mrs. Fred Seller, Miss Hazel Morrow, Miss Nita Matlock.

Table No. 13—Mrs. Milton W. Smith, Mrs. Grace Watt-Ross; assistants, Miss Josephine Smith, Mrs. Fred L. Warren, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Cummings.

Table No. 14—Mrs. J. K. Gill, Mrs. John Gill; assistants, Mrs. J. L. Hartman, Miss Elsie Gill, Miss Frances Gill.

Table No. 15—Mrs. M. C. George, Miss Gertrude Pratt; assistants, Miss Rowena Cochran, Mrs. Maud Upton Scott, Miss Jessie George, Mrs. Herbert G. Colton.

Table No. 16—Mrs. George H. Himes, Mrs. E. E. McClure; assistants, Mrs. Harold G. Rice, Miss Lurah Margaret Himes, Mrs. William Feibig, Miss Florence Dayton.

Table No. 17—Mrs. June McMillen Ordway, Mrs. E. W. Spencer; assistants, Miss Fay C. Himes, Mrs. Irving Spencer, Mrs. Charles E. Spencer, Miss Ella Brown.

Table No. 18—Mrs. H. B. Nicholas, Miss Lavilla Humason; assistants, Mrs. I. C. Sandford, Mrs. Waite, Mrs. H. Humason, Miss Edith Waldo.

Table No. 19—Mrs. I. G. Davidson, Mrs. Arthur Gay; assistants, Miss Mabel Lawrence, Mrs. James Murphy, Mrs. W. W. Porter, Mrs. Fred L. Riggs.

Table No. 20—Mrs. H. S. Gile, Miss Kate Holman; assistants, Miss Gile, Miss E. Parker, Mrs. F. D. Chamberlain, Miss Jessie Murch.

Booth No. 1—Bread, biscuit, cake, etc.—Miss Nannie E. Taylor, chairman; assistants, Mrs. M. L. Myrick, Mrs. F. J. Alex. Mayer, Mrs. M. Fleischner, Mrs. D. W. Taylor, Mrs. A. H. McGowan, Mrs. Edward Boise, Mrs. Bruce L. Carr, Miss Lambert, Miss Hildegarde Plummer, Miss Linley Morton, Miss Agnes Kelly, Miss Bess Bodman, Miss Plummer, Miss Leona Struble.

Booth No. 2—Meats, fish, etc.—Mrs. R. H. Birdsall, chairman; assistants, Miss Gussie Marshall, Mrs. Thomas H. Crang, Mrs. M. Carsten, Mrs. John Hammond Hohnan, Mrs. Norman Pease, Mrs. Dan J. Malarkey, Mrs. Ben Trenkmann, Mrs. G. L. Campbell, Mrs. Charles W. Fulton, Mrs. Clara Koehler.

Booth No. 3—Cream and butter—Miss Mary McKay, chairman; assistants, Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. E. A. Breyman.

Booth No. 4—Ice cream—Miss Clara Teal, chairman.

Booth No. 5—Miss Louse Bickel, Miss Weidler.

Booth No. 6—Miss Bickel, Miss Anna M. King.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting was held at 7:30 p. m., President P. H. D'Arcy, presiding. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, Robert A. Miller, 1854, Portland; Vice President, Joseph Buchtel, 1852, Portland; Secretary, George H. Himes, 1853, Portland, by unanimous vote for the twenty-fifth time; Treasurer, Charles E. Ladd, 1857, Portland; Directors, Nathan H. Bird, 1846, Portland, Cyrus H. Walker, 1838, Albany, Joseph L. Carter, 1844, Hood River.

Mrs. Nancy Kincaid, Eugene, a pioneer of 1853, was elected Mother Queen of Oregon, by unanimous vote, on the motion of J. D. Lee.

The title of "Mother Queen" was created in 1907 in honor of Mrs. Mary Ramsey Lemon Woods, on account of her great age, as she was one hundred and twenty years old on May 20th of that year. She died on January 1, 1908, at the age of 120 years, seven months and eleven days.

The next pioneer lady upon whom the title was conferred was Mrs. Otelia Cullen Polk DeWitt, who died this year in her 97th year.

Hereafter the candidate for "Mother Queen" will be nominated by the Woman's Auxiliary of the Association.

A telegram was read from the Astoria Centennial committee, announcing that August 21, 22 and 23 had been set aside in honor of the pioneers and G. A. R. veterans. President Miller was authorized to name a committee to make all arrangements for appropriate celebrations on these days. He will announce his committee later.

The resolution committee did not report but will do so in the course of a week. Among the resolutions will be one urging Oregon's representatives in Congress to work for the passage of a bill appropriating $100,000 to be expended in placing monuments along the old Oregon trail that its course may be preserved. This movement was inaugurated by Ezra Meeker, of Puyallup, Wash., who twice drove teams of oxen across the continent to Washington, D. C.

A second resolution will call upon Congress to increase the pensions of Indian War veterans, to place them on a par with veteran of other wars. The Indian veterans now receive only $8 a month, while the G. A. R. men receive $12.

Songs and dialogues in the Chinook jargon, talks reminiscent of the early days in Oregon, selections by the Veteran Quartet and the Chinook Choir and old-time music by pioneer fiddlers combined to make the social session of the members of the Association one of the most enjoyable features of the annual gathering of the old-timers.

The Chinook Choir, led by Cyrus H. Walker, of Albany, born in Oregon in 1838, gave two numbers which made an immense hit. They were the Chinook translations of the hymns, "Heaven," and "Earth and Heaven," and they were sung to the tunes of "Come thou Fount" and "There's a Happy Land." Mr. Walker added to the effect by emitting a series of blood-curdling Indian war-whoops.

"Kloshe tum-tum, hi-yu wa-wa, hi-yu, he-he, hy-as ahn-kut-ti il-li-hee," which is Chinook for "Good-heart, lots of talk and lots of laughter about old times," was the motto the secretary placed at the top of the printed programmes and it well describes the social gathering.

Mrs. S. J. Anderson, 1847; D. C. Bowers, 1852, and H. M. Jackson, 1852, old-timer fiddlers, played old-time music on old-time violins and brought down the house. They played selections to which the pioneers in their youthful days, 50 years ago, used to "trip the light fantastic." One could almost hear the prompters say, "Balance all on the corners, right hand lady and grand right and left."

The Veteran Quartet, composed of W. N. Morse, H. P. Bestow, A. W. Mills and Z. N. Parvin, sang "In Grand Old Oregon," a patriotic selection, which brought round after round of applause. "Oregon, My Oregon," one of the vocal selections sung by the assemblage, was written by Mrs. Mae Beadle Frink, of Eugene, Ore., and was first published by The Oregonian February 14, 1909, the 50th anniversary of Oregon's admission to the Union. Many public schools throughout the state now use the song.

Another vocal selection, which met with vehement approval was "The Good Old Pioneers," sung by Professor Parvin and chorus. The voices of some of the pioneer vocalists were husky and somewhat weak, but what they lacked in volume they made up in enthusiasm.

Mr. Walker kept the house in an uproar when he indulged in Chinook jargon dialogues with Mrs. S. J. Anderson, Mrs. Mary Barney, 1852, and others. Those who could understand appreciated the humorous ways in which they told each other of the hardships of the trips across the plains to Oregon and of pioneer life while those who could not were charmed by the musical sound of the language and the gestures which accompanied its delivery.

Mrs. N. M. Bogart, of Tacoma, an Oregon pioneer of 1843, whose father was killed by Indians in 1856, spoke

briefly. At the conclusion of her talk she was embraced by Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, who exclaimed: "Here's an Oregon pioneer who had something which we women of Oregon have not—the right to vote."

C. W. Bryant, of Portland, whose ancestors, he said, were Americans long before the Revolution, spoke, briefly about the early history of Oregon, outlining the hardships which the early settlers had to overcome and urging them not to be too modest in taking credit to themselves for the present greatness of Oregon.

At 10 o'clock p. m. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, followed by "America," and thus closed the Thirty-ninth Annual Reunion.

NECROLOGY.

Members of the Oregon Pioneer Association who died since the last reunion, June 22, 1910, as far as reported, and the dates of their arrival in Oregon, are:

Ballard, W. G. 1852
Barrett, Mrs. E. J.....1854
Bergman, Isaac 1857
Bledso, Relf 1850
Bozorth, Mrs. L. A.....1852
Burns, William P.....1852
Ball, Chauncey 1855
Catching, Mrs. A. F.....1845
Carson, John C.....1850
Corner, E. L.....1851
Crabtree, J. P.....1845
Davenport, T. W.....1850
DeWitt, Mrs. Otelia.....1847
Embree, Dr. T. V. B.....1844
Grover, L. F.....1851
Grubbs, Francis H.....1852
Garrison, Mrs. Mary E...1852
Hanson, Frederick W....1857
Hartness, George 1854
Harris, Wyatt 1853
Holman, Mrs. Mary E....1852
Lownsdale, J. P. O.....1850
McBride, George W.....1854
Noblitt, Charles W.....1850
Olds, James H.....1850
Pattison, Charles 1849
Pratt, Mrs. Sophia C.....1853
Rowland, Green L.....1844
Richardson, Dr. Jas. A...1851
Rogers, Mrs. Agnes 1855
Royal, Rev. Thos. F.....1853
Reed, Cyrus A.....1849
Scott, Harvey W. 1852
Shannon, J. P.....1849
Shiveley, Chas. W.....1847
Tibbetts, Mrs. G. A.....1859
Walker, J. W.....1845
Webster, Mrs. F. Curry..1849
Weeks, Reuben 1849
Williams, George 1850
Yergen, Mrs. Elizabeth..1852

TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE INDIAN WAR VETERANS OF THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, June 21, 1911.

When the grand chaplain of the Indian War Veterans lifted his voice last Tuesday morning to invoke a blessing upon all of those absent and assembled, his voice came as if through tears, for there were absent many of his old friends and comrades, who had been laid to rest in the past year.

Then Mayor Joseph Simon, himself a pioneer of 1857, extended the welcome and hospitality of the city, a city which they had seen grow from three or four log huts to the Portland of today, a city which they had made possible by their valorous deeds. And it is but justice to say that the Mayor felt the weakness of words at such a time and in such a cause, for the pioneers, particularly those who bore arms in the early days, need no welcome to a city that is all their own.

And then the roll of officers was called, and to the two first names came the answer, "dead!" How was it that at that moment something seemed to get wrong with the eyes of the comrades and friends of the departed; how did it happen that so many glasses needed wiping, that the silence was like the silence of death? "Dead!" Harvey W. Scott (1852), the vice-commander, and T. V. B. Embree (1844), the grand commander, have laid down their arms and gone to join their comrades on the farther shore, where they wait to welcome the coming of those who are still left, but who will so soon join them.

Presently the secretary read a sort of financial report, showing the great wealth of the order—nearly $40. And what were the chief expenses of the year? Flowers for the dead! Could anything be more appropriate than to decorate the homes left vacant, and the graves newly-occupied, by their dead comrades, comrades whose names will ever remain on the archives of our state as men great in war but greater, far greater, in peace; men who had so much to do with making "the Oregon country" part and parcel of the greatest country on earth!

"Smiles and cheers and tears." Happy smiles at the thought of being together and renewing old bonds of friendship and love, cheers for the deeds of valor of their comrades, tears for the dead, for those vacant chairs by the rostrum, for those vacant hearths in so many homes throughout this great Northwest! And why tears? Ah, they were not tears of pain, but rather tears of joy, knowing that their comrades are at rest, that they have put on another armor to wear throughout eternity.

In the business meeting the question of pensions came up, and it was shown that the amount they receive, $8 a month, is the smallest paid by the Government to any old soldiers or sailors. An effort to have this stipend increased to something like the pensioners of the Mexican, Civil and Spanish Wars receive has thus far met with nothing but rebuffs from Congress, but the veterans hope for better results soon. They have so hoped for many years, they probably will so hope until there are not enough of them left to fill the officers' chairs—and that will not be so many years from now.

Eight dollars a month! And many of them entirely dependent upon this pittance for a livelihood, being too feeble to work! These men are not beggars, not asking charity—simply asking justice. They are either entitled to a monthly payment commensurate with their services, as gauged by other veterans, or they are not entitled to anything. That is their position and contention. And as different ones spoke on the question it was notable that every voice was raised for the speaker's friends and comrades, and not for himself.

"I," said one speaker, "care not for myself. I will very soon join my old comrades across the river, and until then these old hands can provide my daily bread, and sustenance for the remnants of my family. I ask justice in the name and for the benefit of those who are too old to labor, and for those who now are living on the pittance of $8 a month!"

His voice trembled, his hands shook; he was weak physically but strong mentally. Brave and noble and grand he stood there giving voice for his weaker comrades—caring nothing for himself.

And was that not the spirit that inspired them 55, 60 and 66 years ago? They did not fight so much for themselves as for their friends, their families and their country. Unselfish then, they are unselfish still—and many of them would tomorrow hobble up to a recruiting office to muster in again if their country stood in danger. And yet they are receiving a treatment so niggardly from the Government as to make their case one of the most unjust and unwise ever accorded by any people to its defenders.

Forget for a moment the cause of these veterans. Dismiss them from the case—take up the cause of their wives and the widows of those who have passed on. The veterans went forth in the strength and vigor of youth or young manhood. One of the speakers said he was scarce 14 when he was mustered into the service. They fought in the open. They were scantily clothed, poorly fed, meagerly equipped. In fact, most of them furnished their own horses, their own arms and their own clothing—many their own food.

But think of their homes, of those left behind! Think of the silent vigils, the watchful nights and the days of foreboding of those at home! Were those who went forth heroes? Heroes they were in the eyes of all men; in the eyes of the Great Commander they surely were nothing less. Then what were the brave and noble women? Were not their battles, fought in tears and loneliness, greater than those fought in the field?

At the hall were hundreds of these wives and widows, hundreds more could not be present, most of the absentees being unable to pay their expenses on such a trip. As one looked at their cheery faces and remembered what they had passed through during the time their loved ones were defending their homes and their country he wondered—marveled at the spirit they then showed, at the spirit they still show. They wore badges going as far back as 1840—the earlier the date the greater the pride of the wearer. And one could not help but think of the marvelous strength they must have had to pass through the trying ordeals of those early struggles, let alone be so full of strength and youth a half century later.

In only rare cases does this Government pension women. The widows of ex-Presidents get a large sum yearly without asking for it. But they do not need it. Perhaps that is the reason. And what great deed did those women perform?

"But," says the unthinking, "it would not look well to see the widows of our rulers living in squalor."

But these noble women who foresook home, friends and even their country to form new homes, which they had to fight and suffer for—these grand and lovely women who gave the country this empire called the Northwest (they and their fellows), they must get along on a pittance of $8 a month! The pity of it, the cruelty of it! All of the widows of all of the deceased veterans getting about as much as the widow of one departed ex-President.

"There has been a large sum appropriated," said one speaker, "to erect a monument near the mouth of the Columbia to John Jacob Astor. This is the Astor who founded a trading post there a hundred or more years ago. This is the Astor who said his post was on British territory. This is the Astor who said this country gained no rights by Lewis and Clark passing down the Columbia through foreign territory. This Astor never did anything for Oregon but much against it—he never even saw or set foot on Oregon soil. And yet he is to have a monument erected to his memory.

"And Joe Meek lies in his little grave in Washington County, where he has lain for 36 years, his monument being a simple shaft erected by his children and no one says anything about erecting a public monument to his memory.

"And the Oregon of today was only made as United States territory by the action of Joe Meek. Had he not that day at Champoeg walked out and shouted for all who favored the United States to follow him and stand up and be counted—had he remained quiet on that memorable occasion it is more than likely, almost a certainty, that this would today be British soil—and there is no effort being made to erect a monument to the memory of Joe Meek!"

And this same speaker referred to the fact that the veterans received each a land warrant, and many say that this was a great gift. Some say each got a valuable section of land. He admitted that some of it is of value now—it was valueless almost when given.. He sold his for 15 bushels of wheat! Had he held on to it until now? But he and his family had to have bread—and he made what was then considered a good bargain.

One of the pleasant features Tuesday was the dinner served in the basement under the hall. Tables were spread for about 600, and such a feast of jolity it was! It was well worth a year of one's life to see the hundred or so women who waited on the table, mostly immediate members of the families or the diners, or their friends or descendants. Such a cheery lot of "servers." So happy, so proud to assist the old "boys and girls" at their feast. And these "boys and girls" were young, indeed, if any faith can be placed in actions, for they romped around and behaved like children.

Next year! Yes, they are to meet next year—meet and hear the answer "death" to many a name. Meet to find many vacant chairs, meet to find the death roll rapidly increasing. But, God bless them, those who go hence will go

not as galley slaves scourged to their dungeon. They will wrap the mantle of a perfect duty about them and lie down to pleasant, pleasant dreams.

Cyrus A. Walker, born in Oregon Dec. 7, 1838, was elected Grand Commander of the Indian War Veterans last Tuesday afternoon. He received only one more vote than A. G. Lloyd (1845), one of his opponents. A. L. Coffee (1853) was also placed in nomination, but failed to receive enough votes for his election. There was no contest for any of the other officers. Those elected were: Senior vice-grand commander, A. B. Stuart (1849); junior vice-grand commander, Ed. C. Ross (1847); grand adjutant, Otto Kleeman; grand commissary sergeant, Charles H. Chambreau; grand chaplain, W. D. Ewing (1852); captain of the guard, John Storan; grand marshal, John Cullen (1847); relief committee, Otto Kleeman and Charles Chambreau.

The Grand Adjutant was empowered by the veterans to purchase and erect a monument marking the graves of Indian War veterans buried in the plat at Riverview Cemetery.

Letters and telegrams from United States Senator Chamberlain and Representatives Hawley and Jones that nothing has as yet been accomplished toward obtaining recognition of the veterans' claims to larger pensions, but holding out the hope that at the next session of Congress the desired results might be accomplished, called forth the statement that "the promises of Congressmen are like piecrust, easily broken." J. E. Wilkes favored defeating Congressmen who would not recognize the veterans.

Among those who took part at the two sessions were Misses Helen White and Jean Miller, who sang several

duets. Miss Winona Boise played a medley of war songs on the piano and Mrs. Morgan read a selection from "The Leopard's Spots." "Dancing on Tom Farley's Puncheon Floor" was an original selection in blank verse recited by J. N. Skidmore (1853), one of the pioneers. Others who took part were Frank Hennessy, Mrs. Cornell and the Van Houten Orchestra.

DIARY OF JESSE HARRITT, 1845.

(Mr. Harritt was born in Indiana in 1818. He started for Oregon in 1845, and went as far west as the Mississippi river, where he and his family wintered, and the journey was finished the next year. Then Mr. Harritt took up a donation land claim in Polk county, two miles north of Salem, and engaged in farming. He was married in 1846 to Miss Julia F. Lewis, who bore him four children, John W., Caroline A., Byron W., and Elmer E. In 1848 Mr. Harritt went to the mines in California, having been induced to do so by a letter from James W. Marshall, the reputed discoverer, who came to Oregon in 1844, and lived in Polk county until the summer of 1846. Mr. Harritt returned to Oregon in 1849 with about $2,000, and followed farming the remainder of his life.—George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Pioneer Association.)

April 29, 1845.—We left the place of rendezvous on the Missouri River and traveled about five miles and stopped for the night. We stopped here two days, waiting for the cattle to be herded together.

May 2.—We crossed Mosquito Creek and traveled about eight miles and stopped for the night.

May 3.—We crossed Wolf River and traveled about six miles and stopped for the night.

May 4.—We traveled about twelve miles.

May 5.—We traveled about ten miles and encamped for the night on the waters of the Nimahaw River.

May 6.—This morning we were detained about three hours in consequence of the illness of an infant, of whom there is faint hopes of recovery. We traveled about eight miles and stopped on the headwaters of Wolf River.

May 7.—We traveled about fifteen miles and encamped at the limestone spring.

May 8.—Last night we had a wedding in camp between Mr. Geo. Shafer and Miss Margaret Packwood. We traveled about ten miles.

May 9.—We traveled sixteen miles.

May 10.—We traveled twelve miles and camped on the Nimahaw.

May 11.—We traveled fifteen miles and encamped again on the Nimahaw.

May 12.—We crossed the Nimahaw River, traveled five miles and stopped for the night.

May 13.—This morning we entered Burnett's trace; traveled ten miles, crossed Blue River and stopped for the night.

May 14.—This we laid still in order to repair some wagons.

May 15.—We again took up the line of march, traveled sixteen miles and crossed the Republican fork of Blue River and stopped for the night.

May 16.—We traveled eighteen miles.

May 17.—We had a gentle shower of rain for the first time since we started. We traveled sixteen miles and camped on the waters of Blue River.

May 18.—We traveled sixteen miles and stopped for the night on the banks of Walnut Creek.

May 19.—We crossed Sandy Creek and traveled twenty miles. We camped on Blue River.

May 20.—We proceeded twelve miles up Blue River and stopped for the night.

May 21.—We proceeded fifteen miles further up Blue River and camped for the night.

May 22.—We traveled thirteen miles further up Blue River. This evening we had a considerable shower of rain.

May 23.—The weather still remains inclement. We took up the line of march at 11 o'clock, traveled four miles and stopped for the night.

May 24.—We left the head of Blue River at ten o'clock and took a northwesterly course on a descending ridge for Platte River. We traveled about 20 miles and were overtaken by dark-

ness; was compelled to form corrall and stop for the night without wood or water.

May 25.—This morning we started at 6 o'clock and traveled five miles and stopped on Big Platte River to take breakfast, where we remained all day. Here we were passed by a company of emigrants from Independence, consisting of about thirty wagons.

May 26.—This morning the weather is very unfavorable, with some cold rain; we traveled fourteen miles up Platte River and encamped.

May 27.—Last night we had a tremendous hard rain, with thunder and lightning and considerable wind, which caused our cattle to scatter so much that we did not start until 3 o'clock P. M. and traveled five miles and camped.

May 28.—We remained all day to hunt cattle.

May 29.—We traveled sixteen miles and camped on Plum Creek, one mile above its junction with Platte River.

May 30.—We laid by, waiting for the cattle-hunters to return.

May 31.—We traveled twenty miles and camped on Platte River. This evening there is considerable confusion in camp. About twenty-five wagons stopped before night to form a new company; the remaining thirty-nine traveled one mile and camped.

June 1.—This morning the company agreed to make a general division of stock, which they did with but little dissatisfaction. There were some oxen gone that we did not find until 4 o'clock P. M. The thirty-nine wagons took up the line of march and traveled six miles, where twenty-two wagons stopped for the night. The remainder traveled four miles further and camped.

June 2.—We made another division of stock, which left us a respectable company of twenty-two wagons and about one hundred and forty head of loose cattle and thirty-six men able to bear arms. We traveled twenty-two miles and camped on Platte Run.

JUNE 3.—This morning we held an election of officers to govern our company, which resulted in the choice of James McNary for commander of the company and Thomas Cowan for superintendent of the loose stock. We traveled in harmony twenty miles further up Platte River and camped for the night; buffalo were seen in abundance.

JUNE 4.—Unfortunately there were ten oxen missing this morning. We sought diligently for them until about 12 o'clock, when they were discerned by a company of emigrants about sixteen miles back when myself and three other men met them, which enabled us to get them and get started at 3 o'clock P. M. We traveled five miles and encamped on the plain; had plenty of water, but had to resort to the buffalo dung for fuel, which we found to be a very good substitute.

JUNE 5.—This morning we were much gratified with the pleasure of seeing a company of about 400 dragoons who passed us on their way to the Rocky Mountains, with two cannon and sixteen baggage wagons. We traveled twenty miles up the south fork of the Platte River and encamped. Buffalo were seen in abundance. We have plenty of beef. The beholder may at one sight see hundreds of buffaloes.

JUNE 6.—We traveled eight miles further up Platte River, made our crossing and traveled four miles up the north side of the river and encamped. The river here is about 600 yards wide and there is not more than two feet of water in the deepest place in the ford.

JUNE 7.—We traveled eight miles further up the river and left the bottom. Crossed bluffs in a northwest direction and traveled eight miles further and camped in a dry plain without wood or water and almost without grass.

JUNE 8.—This morning we took an early start; traveled three miles and entered the Ash Hollow, down which we traveled five miles between large, projecting bluffs towering to a height of 200 feet, the summits of which showed an aspect of chalk partly grown over with cedar and laurel, while the valley in places was thickly set with ash. We stopped on the north fork of Platte River and

watered our oxen, took some refreshment and rested four hours. We again yoked our teams, traveled three miles up the river and encamped.

JUNE 9.—We proceeded twelve miles further up the Platte River through a sandy bottom, crossed several dry ravines, killed five buffalo and encamped.

JUNE 10.—We laid by in order to have some washing done until 3 o'clock P. M., when we took a march of five miles up the river and encamped.

JUNE 11.—We continued our march fifteen miles up the river. Crossed a small stream with considerable pine on the bluffs. About five miles from the road we encamped without wood only as we hauled it along with us.

JUNE 12.—We continued up the river, crossed a small rivulet with a wide, sandy channel; distance sixteen miles; here we met several boats, heavily loaded with skins, bound for Missouri.

JUNE 13.—Last night we had a tremendous hard wind, but no appearance of rain. The weather is very cold; this morning we are not comfortable in our best apparel. As the sun rose it grew warmer. We made a march of sixteen miles up the river and encamped. At 12 o'clock today we passed by an object more interesting—a large, isolated mound standing at the foot of the bluffs, towering to the height of 250 feet. It rises in a gradual slope 150 feet, then making a perpendicular peak of 100 feet and is about 30 feet in diameter and may be seen towering like a huge cloud at the distance of thirty miles. It is best known by the name of the Chimney (Chimney Rock).

JUNE 14.—This morning after a travel of five miles, we gradually receded from the river to pass a range of hills called Scott's Bluffs; entered the gap, traveled up a beautiful valley bounded on either side by huge bluffs worn in places by the rains and storms of ages, bearing an aspect of castles in ruins; encamped near a good spring with plenty of wood. Distance today, eighteen miles.

JUNE 15.—This morning we met three men on horseback, bound for the States, by whom there were a number of letters

sent. We traveled ten miles, crossed Horse Creek and encamped. This evening an Indian came into camp, manifesting great friendship.

JUNE 16.—Last night we had a light drizzle of cold rain; the day is very cold for the season. Traveled twenty-five miles up Laramie fork of the Platte; had plenty of cottonwood timber where we encamped.

JUNE 17.—We started again, the weather cold; upset one wagon, no serious injury done; reached Fort Laramie after a travel of eight miles. This fort is situated upon the Laramie River and is owned by the American Fur Company; here we remained all night.

JUNE 18.—This morning we are in view of the Black Hills; 10 o'clock found us winding our way through these terrible objects. The road is surprisingly good; traveled fifteen miles and encamped at a beautiful running stream with as good water as ever I drank, and a pleasant grove of cottonwood timber.

JUNE 19.—We again pursued our course over hills and dales twelve miles to Horseshoe Creek and encamped.

JUNE 20.—We crossed over to the north fork of Platte River; having come eight miles, we encamped, the evening being somewhat rainy.

JUNE 21.—We proceeded up the river six miles, where we gradually receded from the river; traveled a southwest course over hills and dales. We encamped on a stream affording timber in abundance; distance, twenty miles.

JUNE 22.—This morning we commenced our zigzag course through the Red Hills; roads bad; traveled fifteen miles and encamped on a stream affording wood in abundance.

JUNE 23.—Weather warm; roads hilly for eight miles, where we crossed a brook, affording some timber; roads good. This afternoon we reached the north fork again and encamped on Deer Creek. Here we fell in company with two other companies, consisting of fifteen wagons each; held a council to know whether or not it would be best for us to join. Our council resulted in

the connection of Hall's and McNary's, making a company of thirty-six wagons, while Capt. Thompson was rejected (Capt. R. R. Thompson's, Geo. H. Himes, secretary O. P. A.)

JUNE 24.—We took up the line of march, traveled fifteen miles and encamped on the north fork. Grass scarce; buffalo were again seen in abundance.

JUNE 25.—We continued up the river ten miles and crossed over to the north side, where we encamped. Here we met a company of mountain hunters who were in possession of some letters from Oregon written to Mr. John Packwood of Missouri, who was in our company. The river here is about 200 yards wide and runs with a rapid current, although we forded it with but little difficulty.

JUNE 26.—We left the river in a northwest direction. As we advanced the scenes of the country became beautiful, grand and picturesque; vast herds of buffalo were seen grazing on the plains as we ascended a gradual slope for several miles before we gained the summit, when we gradually descended over craggy rocks, then passed through a gap in a range of hills called the Devil's Gate; continued up a hollow some distance, where we encamped at a spring affording cold water, although so strongly impregnated with salt that we could not make use of it. One-half mile north we found plenty of fresh water and grass; found no wood. One grizzly bear was seen and two buffalo killed. Here we met with objects still more interesting and singular—a number of small mounds, rising from three to four feet high, with their margins grown over with rushes, while in the center there is a bare space of from three to eight feet in diameter with a hard scum bearing the appearance of a lime plaster from one and one-half to two inches thick, under which there is blue slime, the depth of which I am not prepared to state. In breaking this scum the slime will burst forth and run down the sides of the mound. Distance today, twenty miles.

JUNE 27.—We traveled sixteen miles and encamped on a small rivulet affording plenty of water; no wood and but little grass. Here we found sage abundantly large for fuel; it is from eight to ten feet high and eight inches in diameter.

JUNE 28.—We continued our march through a sandy plain ten miles and encamped on the Sweetwater River at a large rock called Independence Rock, on which there are hundreds of names of emigrants engraved; this rock stands on the banks of the Sweetwater in a level bottom and is 100 feet high, 400 yards in length and 150 yards wide, and is a kind of marble or flint. Passed by several natural curiosities, the most particular of which was some dry salt lakes at a distance, giving the appearance of snow, with a white sediment on its surface from two to four inches thick. This river is about twenty yards wide and is entirely destitute of timber at this place; grass tolerably good.

JUNE 29.—Weather pleasant; crossed over to the south side of Sweetwater and traveled up a sandy bottom thirteen miles and encamped.

JUNE 30.—Continued our march fourteen miles and encamped on Sweetwater. Today we passed over an elevation where we discovered some peaks of the Wind River Mountains, glittering with eternal snow. Here we found the first mountain sheep; two were killed.

JULY 1.—We continued up the river; met a small company of dragoons who were left here to hunt until the company returned from the South Pass that is expected to return in a few days. A young man—H. Cromwell—was taken very ill today, which detained us three hours, but is getting better; distance made today, ten miles, and encamped on Sweetwater; grass middling. A small company of six wagons broke off from us this morning in consequence of our slow traveling.

JULY 2.—Traveled twenty miles and encamped on Sweetwater.

JULY 3.—Something very astonishing—a general sleepy drowsiness has invaded the camp ever since we came on Big Platte River, and since we came on Sweetwater our men have been subject to severe pains in the head and back and other parts of the system with colic, cramps, sore mouths and lips; even the timber in our wagons has shrunk up so that one might with one hand shake a wheel to pieces. Traveled ten miles and encamped at a good spring on Sweetwater.

JULY 4.—Continued up the river fifteen miles and encamped; found but little grass.

JULY 5.—Day cold and windy; left the head of the river to the north; passed over a small divide and encamped at a good spring, with plenty of grass. Here we drank the first water running to the Pacific Ocean. Distance made today, eighteen miles.

JULY 6.—Morning warm until 10 o'clock, when the wind suddenly shifted, with a dark cloud from the west, followed by a shower of rain. Almost instantly it became so cold that it was uncomfortable traveling. We passed through the gap, leaving the mountains about twenty miles to the north, covered with snow; traveled eighteen miles and encamped on Little Sandy, a branch of Green River.

JULY 7.—Roads uncommonly good; traveled twelve miles and encamped on Big Sandy, a beautiful stream 20 yards wide affording fish in abundance—trout of the finest sort.

JULY 8.—Roads very dry and dusty; traveled twenty miles and encamped again on Sandy; here met a company of twelve men on their way from Oregon to the States who were in possession of several letters which were publicly read.

JULY 9.—Seven miles this morning took us to Green River, where we encamped in order to build rafts and prepare for crossing the river.

JULY 10.—We commenced crossing; the wind being high, got only eight wagons over.

JULY 11.—Continued to cross; about noon the wind rose so high that we were compelled to stop business until evening.

JULY 12.—Finished crossing; traveled eight miles down the river and encamped; this river is about 250 yards wide and flows with a deep, rapid current in a southwest direction.

JULY 13.—Traveled sixteen miles and encamped on Ham's Fork.

JULY 14.—Continued our march eighteen miles and encamped on Black's Fork, a beautiful little stream about 20 yards wide, affording but little grass.

JULY 15.—After a travel of fifteen miles we encamped again on Black's Fork; found grass in abundance.

JULY 16.—Two miles this morning brought us to Fort Bridger; this fort is owned by the American Fur Company; traveled ten miles and encamped on Little Muddy, a small rivulet affording no timber and but little grass.

JULY 17.—We made a journey of twelve miles and encamped on a small rivulet called Big Muddy; found no timber and but little grass.

JULY 18.—We traveled fifteen miles and encamped on the head of Big Muddy at a spring affording as cold water as ever run out of the earth; found no timber, but grass in abundance.

JULY 19.—Made a stride of twenty miles over hills and dales and encamped on Bear River; grass tolerable good; at noon we overtook Captain Smith, who was encamped at a spring with six or eight men, bound for Fort Hall to sell their fur; this river is about 30 yards wide and flows with a gentle current in a northerly direction.

JULY 20.—Proceeded twelve miles down the river and encamped; found grass in abundance, and some few willows for fuel. Here we were overtaken by Captain Smith, who will accompany us to Fort Hall.

JULY 21.—Roads good; traveled twelve miles further down the river and crossed over and encamped; found grass in abundance.

JULY 22.—Traveled ten miles further down the river; crossed over to the east side and encamped; found grass and wood in abundance.

JULY 23.—We gradually receded from the river, traveled over mountains and valleys; reached Bear River and encamped; distance, ten miles.

JULY 24.—We were detained some time, hunting oxen; traveled eight miles down the river and encamped on a small stream, affording abundance of good water and grass.

JULY 25.—Made a march of eighteen miles down the river to the Soda Springs and encamped; plenty of grass and cedar wood. It would be in vain for me to try to describe all the singularities in the character of this place; the first object of note that struck our sight was two small mounds rising on the level plain about 40 feet high, composed of a kind of white lava, on the top of which are several springs of soda that are perpetually boiling and spouting; some are cold, while others are lukewarm, although all are strongly impregnated with soda. The next was seen in a low bottom, a small basin about ten feet in diameter with its margin thickly set with fine grass, while in its center a strong boil of soda gushed forth, boiling up and sinking back. The water in this was very cold and a reddish nature, with a thick sediment around it, bearing an exact appearance of Spanish brown. A few paces further we found another, still larger, affording the best of cold, clear soda, although a little impregnated with copperas. In looking further we found a number of these springs. About one-half mile further down the river, on an elevated spot of ground, we found one still more singular—a hole in a solid rock about 20 inches in diameter, out of which gushed the pure, warm soda—spouting the water at different ebullitions like the escape pipe of a steamboat, from four to five feet high. Excellent fresh-water springs are found within a few rods of those, as strongly impregnated with soda.

JULY 26.—We took up the line of march; traveled down the river a short distance; gradually left it, turning to the north to what might be properly termed the sinking valley in which were numbers of craters, out of which has been thrown large heaps of rocks; traveled two miles and camped on the Portneuf, a beautiful stream, meandering through the valley, with a few small willows on its margin.

JULY 27.—Steered our course up a beautiful rich valley; crossed several beautiful small brooks, with a few small willows on their margin; an abundance of fine currants were gathered in this valley; distance traveled, fifteen miles, and encamped at a good spring; found grass in abundance, and a few small willows.

JULY 28.—Took a west course, passed through a narrow gap in a range of mountains five miles; came on a small stream affording good water, down which we traveled ten miles and encamped; found plenty of grass and willows.

JULY 29.—Made an early start down the branch; in a few miles we entered a beautiful level plain, although very sandy, through which we traveled eight miles; entered the river bottom; the most sublime place we have seen since we left the South Fork of Platte River; a number of fine springs rose in the level plain, shaded by small willows. We continued our march through a grove of small willows, with a few large cottonwoods; reached Fort Hall, having come fourteen miles, when we encamped. This fine ford is situated on the bank of Snake River, a beautiful stream thirty yards wide. This beautiful valley is from fifty to one hundred miles wide.

JULY 30.—Left the fort this morning, also three families with five wagons who are bound for California; traveled ten miles down the valley; crossed a beautiful river about fifty yards wide composed entirely of these springs we passed last evening; we encamped for the night; found good grass and cottonwood timber in abundance; had a moderate shower of rain.

JULY 31.—Traveled ten miles, crossed several beautiful brooks, and encamped on Snake River, found grass and wood plenty. This river is about two hundred yards wide, and is a branch of the Columbia River; it runs with a rapid current in a southwest direction.

AUGUST 1.—Two miles brought us down to the American Falls; these falls are about one hundred and fifty yards long, and falls about fifty feet; traveled seventeen miles over bad roads; crossed several small streams, upset one wagon; no serious injury done; encamped on Great Rock Creek, found good grass and a few willows. I am sorry to record a difficulty that occurred in our company, in consequence of some dispute about the loss of some stock; two families with a wagon left our company, leaving us twenty wagons.

August 2.—Traveled ten miles and encamped on a small stream; found plenty of fine grass, and a few willows.

August 3.—As we advanced the appearance of the surrounding country became beautiful; to the south was a lofty chain of mountains, partly covered with snow; to the north, was an extensive plain thickly grown over with sage; traveled fifteen miles and encamped on a small stream; found good grass; no wood; short one and one-half miles.

August 4.—We traveled eighteen miles over tolerable good roads; crossed two small streams, and encamped again on Snake River; found plenty of wood and middling grass.

August 5.—Traveled twenty miles and crossed the Dry Fork and encamped on the Rock Fork; found plenty of grass and wood.

August 6.—Day warm; roads level although rocky in places; at noon we crossed the Rock Fork, a beautiful stream; passed the place of encampment, unknowingly; traveled through the dry plain until nine o'clock at night, having come twenty-four miles; we stopped for the night without wood, water or grass.

August 7.—This morning at daybreak our oxen being yoked we hitched to our wagons, took a pull eight miles to a small stream at Snake River, when we stopped and got breakfast; rested our teams until 2 o'clock P. M., when we took another pull of six miles to Salmon Falls Creek; found plenty of *good grass* and a few willows, to our great satisfaction. Four families with six wagons left our company, leaving us fourteen wagons.

August 9.—The weather continues warm. Laid by all day to rest our teams and do some washing.

August 10.—This morning we had a death in camp—an infant about eight or ten months old died with the whooping cough; made a start at 10 o'clock; five miles brought us down to the Salmon Falls where we bought a number of fine salmon from the Indians; traveling until dark, we stopped without water or grass for stock; we descended the lofty bluff of the river and got water for family use; distance, eighteen miles.

August 11.—This morning we drove our stock to the river to get water; made another start, reached the crossing of Snake River after traveling of fourteen miles; crossed one small arm of it and encamped on an island; found grass and a few willows; had two horses stolen last night by the Indians, one belonging to myself and the other to Mr. Noble. This morning Mr. Glawser, a young man, and myself, started to the Indian camp in pursuit of the horses; reached them about one hour after dark, where we remained all night; was kindly treated; found no horses; returned to the camp, reached it late in the evening, the wagons all being taken across the river; we hired an Indian to conduct us over; in a few minutes we were in camp and gladly relieved our despairing friends.

August 12.—Finished crossing the river and encamped; here we found a company of thirty-nine wagons awaiting our arrival. The Walla Walla Indians, being the next we have to pass through, are said to be very hostile against the Americans, hence we have thought it prudent to wait for a reinforcement of wagons and men.

August 13.—This morning a company of forty wagons took up the line of march; two of our oxen were missing; we were compelled to remain; six families and thirteen wagons stopped with us; found our oxen; this evening about sixty wagons came to the river; forty were crossed over and encamped.

August 14.—The weather pleasant; made a start at 10 o'clock in company with fifty wagons; traveled eleven miles and encamped on a small branch; found plenty of grass and wood except sage; had a pleasant shower of rain this evening.

August 15.—Laid by all day to rest our teams.

August 16.—Took up the line of march and crossed three small streams; the latter was a branch formed by the hot spring; these springs rise nearly in a level plain at the foot of the mountain and are hot enough to boil meat perfectly done in a few minutes; six miles further we encamped at a good spring; found grass in abundance; no wood except sage; distance made today, eighteen miles.

August 17.—The road level, although very stony; traveled eight miles and encamped on Carroll Creek, a small stream running to the south; grass tolerable scarce; some willows and a few cottonwoods.

August 18.—The road tolerable good; traveled sixteen miles and encamped on Charlotte's Fork, a small branch of Snake River; found plenty grass, willow and cottonwood, birch and Balm of Gilead.

August 19.—Good roads; made a march of twenty miles, and encamped on Boise River; found good grass and timber in abundance; this is a beautiful stream, about thirty yards wide, running in a south course to Snake River.

August 20.—The road uncommonly good; traveled fifteen miles down Boise River and encamped; found grass and timber in abundance; this evening we were visited by a number of Indians who manifested great friendship; bought of them some fine salmon.

August 21.—Road good; twelve miles further down the river we encamped; found grass and timber in abundance.

August 22.—Proceeded five miles down the river; crossed over to the north side, continued eleven miles further down the river and encamped.

August 23.—Four miles brought us down to Fort Boise. This fort is situated on the north bank of Lewis or Snake River and is owned by the Hudson's Bay Co.; crossed over to the south side where we encamped; found grass and a few small willows; the river here is about three-fourths of a mile wide; the water is about four feet deep and runs with a gentle current.

August 24.—Leaving the river we traveled a southwest course over a good road; made an advance of twelve miles and encamped on a stream affording grass and willows.

August 25.—Here we left the former route, bearing a little south of west; we steered our course over a tolerable good road thirteen miles and encamped on the same stream, found grass and fine willows.

August 26.—Proceeded ten miles further up the creek and encamped; found grass and fine willows; had about four miles of very bad road; balance good.

August 27.—Commenced winding our way through the Blue Mountains; at noon we left the pleasant stream to the left, turning gradually to the northwest; traveled over a tolerable bad road; reached the head of a small sinking rivulet affording excellent water and timber, cottonwood, willow and alder, the latter being the principal part, of which there is some of the largest I ever saw, measuring from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter; traveled twelve miles.

August 28.—Turned to the southwest; passed over a range of mountains; had bad roads; traveled five miles and encamped on a small stream; found but little grass—wood plenty.

August 29.—Traveled twelve miles over the mountain; had bad road; encamped at a good spring, affording plenty of water for camp use; none for stock; found tolerable good grass and a few willows.

August 30.—Had a fine shower of rain last night; this morning the fog was so thick that we had great difficulty in collecting our cattle; made a start at 9 o'clock, traveled ten miles over huge mountains, and encamped on Hill Fork, a beautiful little branch; found good grass and willows; a few rods from us was a warm spring bursting from the side of a lofty mountain, a little above blood heat.

August 31.—Road tolerable good; made an advance of five miles, and encamped on a stream affording the best of water; grass and timber in abundance.

September 1.—Made a small move of five miles over a bad road and encamped on the same stream opposite Fremont's Peak, one of the loftiest points of the Blue Mountains; found good grass and alder timber in abundance.

September 2.—Made an early start, over bad roads for two miles; broke an axletree, which detained us about two hours; balance of the road tolerably good; traveled twelve miles, and en-

camped on a small rivulet winding its way through a level valley, with its margin beautifully adorned with small willows.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Made a new axletree; started late; had good road; traveled seven miles and encamped on the South Fork of the Malheur River; found good grass and willows.

SEPTEMBER 5.—Made an advance of eleven miles and encamped in a deep hollow out of which proceeded a number of fine springs, affording us good water as ever run, with a few small willows.

SEPTEMBER 6.—As we advanced we gradually ascended a beautiful mountain; gained the top upon which grew a number of pine and cedar trees; a few miles farther a beautiful landscape appeared to sight; to the west a large valley; to the southwest the Cascade Mountains; to the northwest was the Columbia River; we gradually descended this lofty mountain, entered the valley, down which we proceeded five miles; came to a beautiful little rivulet with its banks shaded by a few small willows, where we encamped, having come twelve miles.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Continued down this rich valley fourteen miles and encamped on Crooked River, a small murmuring stream running to the south, shaded on its banks by a few willows. As we advanced this morning the beautiful scenery increased; this valley is one of the most sublime places I ever saw; it is from appearances from thirty to fifty miles wide from north to south, the length of which I am not able to determine; the soil is rich and beautifully set with fine grass, intermingled with patches of sage; the mountains to the north in places are thinly set with pine and cedar timber.

SEPTEMBER 7.—Road beautiful and level, traveled sixteen miles; crossed one small stream and encamped on the margin of a large lake; had an abundance of fine grass; no wood except sage.

SEPTEMBER 8.—Road sometimes delightful; had ten horses stolen last night by the Indians; traveled ten miles, and encamped on a small stream affording good grass and a few small willows; a dreadful occurrence, a few minutes after we were in

camp—the sudden death of an infant by that disease which had been fatal before in our company—the whooping cough.

SEPTEMBER 9.—Attended to the burial of the deceased this morning, before we started; made a start at ten o'clock, traveled six miles over a delightful road and encamped at a spring; found no wood and but little grass.

SEPTEMBER 10.—Made a late start; traveled a west course over a tolerable level road; very stony in places; found no grass or water for twenty-five miles; at one o'clock this morning we gradually descended a long slope, found a good spring affording an abundance of water and grass, with a few willows.

SEPTEMBER 11.—Laid by all day to rest our teams.

SEPTEMBER 12.—Made a small move of five miles, and encamped on a small branch; found tolerable good grass and cedar timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 13.—Made a start, traveling three miles; met the man who had accompanied the pilot in search of water; found none; we returned to our old encampment, and stopped for the night.

SEPTEMBER 14.—Laid still all day, waiting for the return of the pilot, who returned late in the evening; found no water.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Despatched a company of men with their pack horses, loaded with water and provisions, in search of water.

SEPTEMBER 16.—The hunters returned this morning at nine o'clock; found water; in a few minutes the company were in parade for their oxen made a general collection of stock; between four o'clock and sundown about eighty wagons left the branch for the next encampment; traveled all night; at daybreak we reached the place of encampment at a small mountain stream, winding its way through a level valley; found no wood except sage, which grew in abundance near its margin; having come twenty-five miles we stopped to take some refreshments and rest our teams.

SEPTEMBER 17.—After taking some refreshments we yoked our teams, at two o'clock P. M., traveled six miles and encamped on

Sandy—a delightful stream running to the northwest, affording an abundance of fine grass—no wood.

SEPTEMBER 18.—Three miles down we crossed over to the west side and after a travel of twelve miles we encamped at a good spring; found good grass, and some cedar timber.

SEPTEMBER 19.—Made an advance of twelve miles and encamped again on the Sandy, found grass and fine small willows.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Continued down the brook, passed through several narrow avenues (canyons) where the mountains closed in on both sides, where we were compelled to follow down the channel of the Sandy for several hundred yards in water up to our wagon beds, continued to follow its meanders, crossing its channel a number of times; after an advance of thirteen miles we encamped; found grass and willows.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Down the creek ten miles had bad road; we encamped; found grass, willow, and cedar timber in abundance.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Three miles brought us to the foot of a huge mountain, where we commenced ascending through thick cedar timber; at two o'clock P. M. we gained the top; the scene of the country became beautiful and level; passed through several groves of pines and cedar timber; at eleven o'clock we came to a stream affording abundance of water, grass and timber; encamped, having come fourteen miles.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Started late; had good road; traveled twelve miles; stopped at nine o'clock at a spring; found good grass, no wood except a little sage.

SEPTEMBER 24.—The road is good; traveled fourteen miles through the level plain and stopped for the night without wood or water.

SEPTEMBER 25.—Made an early start; traveled six miles and encamped on Chutes or Fall River; this river is the most singular in its character of any we have seen; it washes the eastern margin of the Cascade Mountains and flows with a rapid current through a deep avenue (canyon) of rock, having a channel of

from twenty to thirty yards wide, and is from three to four hundred feet below the level plain.

September 26.—Turned a northeast direction, traveled three miles and encamped at a good spring in company with about two hundred wagons.

September 27.—Laid by all day to rest.

September 28.—Traveled eight miles and encamped on a small branch; found good grass and wood.

September 29.—This morning we came to a huge mountain and were compelled to double our teams; gained the top; at twelve o'clock we continued our journey over the level plains until eight o'clock, when we encamped on the margin of a bluff, down which we descended two hundred feet and found a small stream of water, shaded by a beautiful grove of pine trees; distance, ten miles.

September 30.—Traveled ten miles and encamped on a small branch; found a few willows.

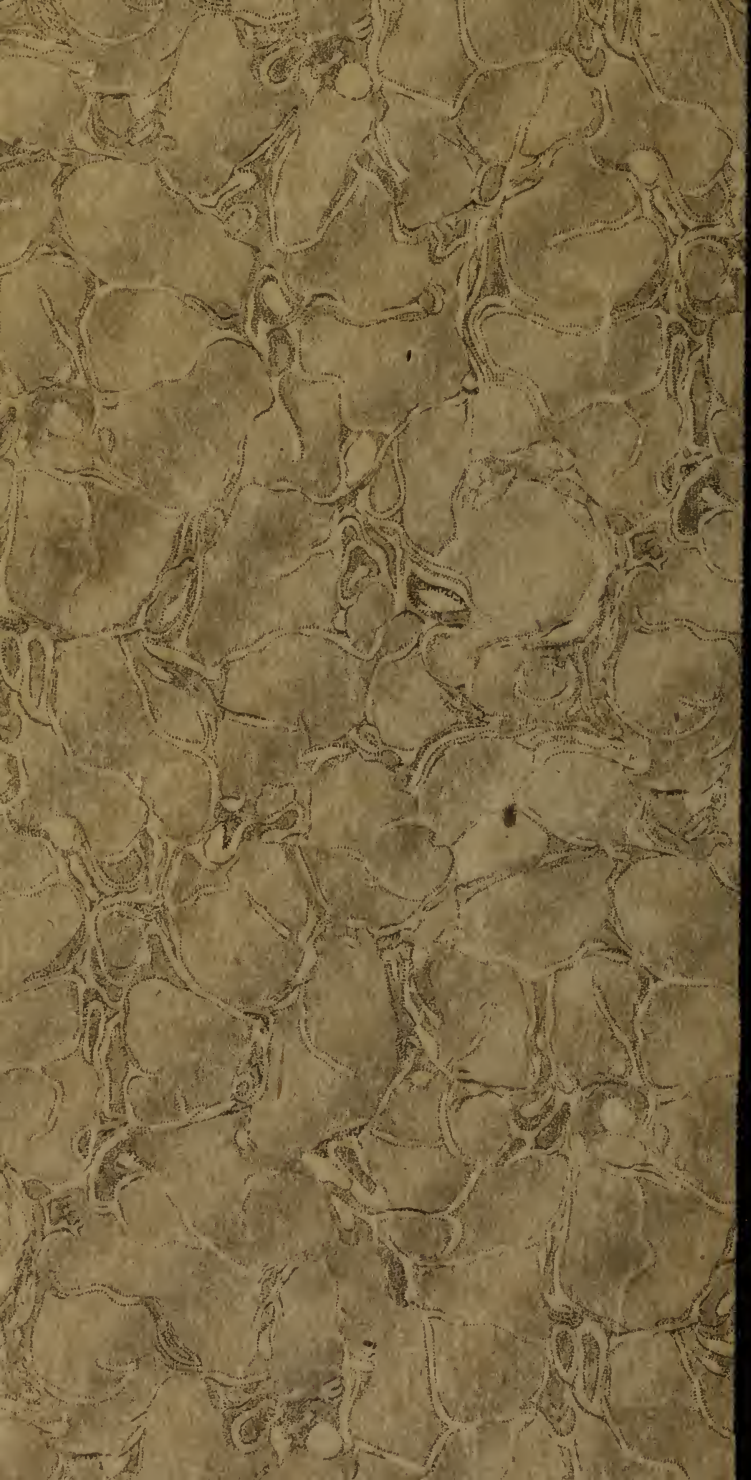
October 1.—Had bad roads; traveled six miles and encamped at a good spring; found a few willows.

October 2.—Road continues bad; traveled four miles and encamped on Chutes, or Fall River.

October 3.—Spent the day in crossing the river; had no timber to make boats; were compelled to make boats of our wagon beds to cross our families and goods.

October 4.—Rigged our wagons, loaded up and traveled three miles to a delightful stream shaded by a pine and cottonwood trees, where we encamped for the night.

October 5.—Traveled twelve miles and encamped in a beautiful white oak grove; found no water.

October 6.—Made an early start; traveled five miles to a branch, where we stopped to take breakfast; rested two hours and started again; five miles farther brought us to another stream where we encamped for the night.

October 7.—Eight miles brought us to the mission on the Columbia River (at The Dalles), where we got a fresh supply of provisions; the price is as follows: Flour, $8.00 per hundred; beans, 6 and 7 cents; potatoes, 62½ cents per bushel; wheat, $1.50; coffee, 33½ cents; tea, $2.00; sugar, 20 cents. The soil here is quite productive for almost every kind of produce. The Indians have become very much civilized and have turned their attention to agriculture.